For the Poor, the Sick, the Blind

Forty-Two Years Work of the New York Flower Mission

"Gimme a flower, lady."

The lady had an armful of flowers, but she shook her head smilingly and kept on toward First avenue, hoping that some one else from the New York Flower Mission who had flowers to spare would pass that way soon.

The flowers she carried were done up in three bunches intended for three invalids living in tenements, to whom their arrival meant, she decided, a good deal more than one blossom would mean to the little girl in the street.

"We just have to stop our ears to such requests," the lady said regretfully on returning to the mission for more flowers

"GIMME A FLOWER, LADY?'

to take up town, "or else we should arrive empty handed at the hospital or tenement we were aiming for.

"One of the bouquets was for a woman with an incurable ailment who prefers to stay at home with her children and husband so long as she can rather than go to a hospital. She looks forward to the arrival of her big bunch of garden flowers once a week, sometimes twice a week, all summer long with the pleasure of a child, and I try to arrange that she is never disappointed. We have many varieties of garden flowers sent to us and no two weeks are her bouquets exactly alike."

Mondays and Thursdays from June to October are distributing days at the New York Flower Mission, the oldest organization of its kind in New York and the pioneer of several similar societies. Forty-two years ago Miss Frances L. Russell and her sister appealed to their friends to send in garden flowers during the summer, promising to distribute them among the poor and the sick. At first a very few boxes came and the contents were sorted in a small room back of a grocery store provided by All Souls Unitarian Church, which sponsored the project. That was the start of the mission. Its present headquarters are in a basement room of the church at Fourth avenue and Twentieth street.

Many boxes of flowers arrive there now during the summer, although the manager says they never have nearly enough flowers and that there is always a discouraging dearth of volunteer workers to distribute them. The work of the Flower Mission has appealed even to the sympathies of the unsentimental express companies to the extent of causing them to carry free in summer for a distance of fifty miles packages intended for the mission and to deliver them promptly. A bunch of flowers is the only tip a driver ever gets and as a general thing he seems as well pleased as if he had received a dollar bill.

Spread out on the tables of a recent Thursday were daisies, phlox, sweet william, woodbine, pink, white and red roses, crimson ramblers and at least twenty more varieties of garden flowers fresh almost as when picked, some still in their boxes, others taking shape as neat little bunches destined for beds in hospital wards.

A shadow darkens the windows and an expressman descends the steps with three more boxes. His book is signed and then comes the usual question: "Care to have a few flowers?" the questioner adding: "Have you a wife?"

"Not till to-night, ma'am," says the man, getting red to his cap band.

"A wedding!" the manager exclaims.

The heaps of flowers on the table are dissected, the boxes overhauled in search of white flowers and the workers cry "What a pity we have so few white flowers on hand to-day!" as the man goes out holding carefully aloft an imposing bunch of white and pink blossoms.

The work of unpacking goes on. One of the newly arrived boxes is from the wife of a financier who has a country house on the Hudson. A small note in a childish handwriting is discovered resting on the top layer of flowers of the second box, which contains woodbine, carnations and pink roses.

"Please," runs the note, "I should like these flowers to go to sick children."

"So they shall," says the woman in charge of the mission. "We shall send them to a children's ward of one of the city's hospitals."

A volunteer worker busily turning over the piles of flowers beams as the third box when opened discloses a layer of splendid, exceptionally fragrant pink roses.

"Just what I was looking for," she exclaims. "I am going to visit several blind persons to-day, and the sweetest flowers are always reserved for the blind.

"If we have time we cut off all the thorns from the roses. This bunch shall go to a blind girl and her mother, Germans, who live in a two room flat, with Italians on one side and a French family on the other side.

"They are lonely and very poor, and just now the mother is laid up with a sprained ankle and is very downhearted. When I took her a bouquet last Monday she called out in German 'Oh, the flowers!' before I got near her bed, and she almost hugged them. The daughter was just as pleased too.

"Yes, the blind enjoy flowers more than others, I think, especially if theyare fragrant. They feel the leaves and inhale the odor with every appearance of keen delight."

One of the volunteers goes toward the door carrying a large uncovered box filled with small nosegays. She is on her way to an old ladies' home uptown, and stops a minute to say:

"It is a long time since they had any flowers from us and the old ladies do enjoy so much having each a small bouquet The only exception I ever met was an old lady of 87 who told me 'I don't care for any more earthly flowers, I shall soon go to a place where there will be finer flowers than anything you have here.'

"At one home I visit which takes both men and women it is almost pathetic to see the eagerness shown by some of the old men to get even a tiny bunch of flowers. Sometimes I have cause to think that men like flowers better than women do. Last week, for instance, I went to an old folks' home which I had not visited since this time last year, when it seems I gave one of the old men a bouquet containing a sprig of geranium which some kind soul had cut evidently from a sturdy rose geranium plant.

"Instead of throwing the sprig away when the flowers wilted the old fellow planted it, watered it, tended it, coaxed it to grow, with the result that on my second visit he called to me and proudly displayed a thrifty little geranium plant growing in a pot on his windowsill."

"I have noticed the same thing," said a Bible reader who helps to distribute the flowers and who for ten years has made the canal boats her special care. Before she took them up no one, so far as she knew, had ever offered a flower to any woman or child on these boats and she took up the task with some trepidation.

"I felt very timid and a little frightened," said she, "as I approached a group of children and their mother sitting outside the cabin of one boat and held out my box with the nosegays.

"'Would you like to have one?' I asked.

"At first they did nothing but shake their heads. Finally, as I continued to hold out a bunch, one said, 'We have no money.' They thought I was selling the flowers.

"Sometimes when I can't get near enough to a boat to climb on board easily or I haven't time for it I toss the bouquet for some one to catch, and if it tumbles in the water you ought to see how they scramble to fish it out with a boat hook.

"Some of the occupants of the boats know me so well now that when they have been away from New York for some months and come back they send me word, knowing that I will go to them as soon as I can with a bunch of flowers.

"But what surprises me most is the way dockhands, rough men often, beg for flowers as I pass along with my box.

"'Got one for me, missus?' one and another will ask, and I always answer, 'I wish I had.'"

As she talked the Bible reader was filling two boxes each nearly a yard long with sprays of flowers, including many roses, laying them in carefully without bunching. No, these were not for the boats. She was taking them to the maternity ward of a hospital on Blackwell's Island.

"A spray of flowers goes on each bed," it was explained, "and the pleasure they will give more than pays for the trouble of carrying them so far on a hot day. Some of the young mothers in the ward are country bred, and the garden flowers touch them as no flowers from a winter greenhouse could.

"'Oh, look at the sweet william,' cried a girl at my last visit as I reached her bed, and when I put a bunch of it in her hand she pressed it against her lips and the tears came to her eyes.

"'We had it in our garden at home,' she told me.

"No, my arms do not get tired till night. The excitement makes me forget how heavy a box is till the work is done. Then sometimes they do ache."

A worker who has filled a box with thirty small nosegays says that she is going to a mother's meeting in connection with the Church of the Sea and Land in Henry street. Then the attention of the manager is claimed by a blind woman who comes in led by a little girl.

"I'm late to-day," she says cheerfully, "but not too late to go to the home for the destitute blind in Amsterdam avenue."

"I thought you would not fail," is the rejoinder.

"Yes, this blind woman is a volunteer worker, one of the most enthusiastic we have. By having a child to lead her she can go anywhere in Manhattan carrying flowers," the manager explains.

"Be very careful," she tells a lady who has stopped in to ask how flowers should be sent from the country, "to send by an early train on Mondays and Thursdays only. Otherwise the flowers will be wasted.

"Stems of flowers should be cut not more than eight inches long and the flowers should be well sprinkled and covered with wet newspapers when packed. Packages must not weigh more than twenty pounds."

AT THE OLD LADIES' HOME.

ROSES RESERVED FOR THE BLIND.

PREPARING FLOWERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Artists as Collectors

Canteens, Violins, Models, Pictures, Tassels, Band Boxes and Many Other Things Are Sought For

Collecting takes curious forms among artists and often becomes or merges with their favorite recreation. So many men who are in no sense artists collect paintings that one might fancy that artists would wish to eschew this branch of collecting, especially as it is in the line of their own production and as they must perforce study paintings in the great galleries and the current exhibitions. Yet there are painters who delight in collecting paintings; but there are more of them who expend the impulse in other directions.

There isn't a more zealous collector among artists than William M. Chase, unless it be A. W. Drake, who, people sometimes forget, was known as a wood engraver long before he became known as an art director. Chase has the collector's instinct developed to a high degree. Many years ago when the contents of his old Tenth street studio were sold at auction it was an event here, and in many a studio and elsewhere to-day there are prized objects of sundry kinds which came from that sale. But Chase to-day has a bigger collection than ever, and fully as varied.

Chase collects pictures, old masters, and old paintings that are not denominated "old masters," if they have a quality that commends itself to him, and paintings too by his contemporaries. He collects rings, fabrics of beatiful color, fans, tapestries, antiques of many forms and diverse character, and much more besides. Didn't he and some kindred spirits among the painters many years ago in Italy even acquire two monkeys, bought from sailors on the piers, to add to their miscellaneous collection? And what fun they had with those monkeys, and one of the monkeys too had some fun among the bric-a-brac that had already been collected.

The collectors, both lay and professional, are prone to show parts at any rate of their collections to their friends and rivals, although sometimes it is not easy to induce them to reveal their all. Some of them in fact would be physically unable to do so, the acquisitions of years being necessarily hidden in part for want of exhibition room.

A layman in some pride took Chase one day into a special room to show him a painting he had recently purchased, an old canvas. He had got it at an auction which had attracted little notice and he felt himself safe.

"An ancestor of mine," he said as he pointed it out to the artist.

"Yes," quoth Chase with one squint at the canvas, "and it would have been my ancestor if I had bid $200 more."

There are almost as many stories told of Chase as of Whistler, with whom he tilted many times. Here is one of an experience with a man who was having his own portrait painted by Chase. He was a busy man and pompous, as well as wealthy, and he was fretful under what he regarded as the artist's too leisurely manner of painting. At last he broke forth:

"You know, sir, I value my time at $500 an hour!"

"Indeed," said the imperturbable Chase, "and you know I value mine at just twice that."

The portrait was finished in the painter's time without a further exchange of confidences.

Mr. Drake may be said to collect everything. He has something like a thousand rings. His auction of some of his cherished coppers and brasses three or four years ago, for which people scrambled to the tune of $30,000 or $40,000, by no means took from him all of those resplendent metallic beauties which he had gathered together. His collection of old bottles is unique and surprisingly interesting in color, form and eccentricity.

He collects ship models and bird cages, old cotton prints and samplers, and he even discovered a fascination for himself and for others in the old fashioned band boxes of our mothers and grandmothers, with their adornment of pictures of things that are gone. Ancient carved signs of inns and figureheads of ships have attracted him. The walls of the Abbine Association's rooms are decorated here and there with interesting objects from the overflowing abundance of his collections, as are his offices in the *Century* editorial rooms.

The artists have not generally taken to the collecting of porcelains, though Samuel Colman had a collection of Chinese and Japanese ceramics notable in its day, part of which was dispersed at his auction a few years ago and some articles from which were presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where they are now exhibited. J. G. Tyler, the marine painter, also collects porcelains.

The late John La Farge brought together a rich Japanese collection, perhaps it should be said several of them, for he no sooner had a sale than he started buying again, sometimes even repenting of his decision to sell as soon as it was announced and coveting objects he had ordered to the block.

J. Alden Weir has a stunning collection of pewters and sometimes in entertaining his friends serves edibles and beverages in these mellowed utensils of an elder day. Thomas Shields Clarke collects pictures and ship models and once seeing a model he liked in a museum in Switzerland had a wood carver copy it for him.

Irving R. Wiles, who likes sailing vessels, got his first sailboat by making a scientific collection of birds. Now he collects among other things ship models, images in porcelain and pottery and wax and Spanish tassels of charming hues. William Thorne collects violins and to vary his recreation takes to duck shooting.

Wilson Lockwood collects wild ducks and at one time ran a duck farm for relaxation. Abbott H. Thayer collects birds' eggs. Reynolds Beal collects ship models, and has a superb frigate which he picked up when on a cruise once to the schoolship St. Mary's. Dwight W. Tryon makes fishing rods for a diversion, and naturally accumulates a collection of them, though some go to friends.

Richard Maynard collects canteens. Orlando Rouland collects candlesticks. Thomas W. Dewing may be said to collect roses, for he devotes the whole summer to raising them, practically abandoning his painting for the season.

George Grey Barnard would have a splendid collection of fourteenth century Gothic sculptures from the rich fields of France had he not been obliged to collect them to sell again at the time when the Pennsylvania officials and contractors held up his payments for the sculptures he had been commissioned to do for the State Capitol at Harrisburg. This he did to continue the work at his own expense. De Cost Smith collects Holbein paintings, Custer relics and American Indian production. Carleton T. Chapman collects ship models. H. Bolton Jones and Francis T. Jones collect so many things that it would be difficult to enumerate them.

It is a failing of the true collector that when he sees a real opportunity, which he knows may not recur, he buys the object of his fancy then and there, even though he had destined the money in hand to another purpose. It was in a discussion of this phase of the life that one artist collector exclaimed:

"I think we should include dear old Homer Martin among the collectors, among ourselves, for we all loved him and I believe this incident proves him to be of us. It occurred in France.

"We were out at a small place in the wine country. Martin was working hard about the neighborhood and covered a good deal of ground in the vicinity. He lived at a small inn and had run up a bill of 300 francs. He told the old lady who kept the place that he would pay this bill on a certain day.

"That day he found some remarkably good wine which was to be had in one lot for 300 francs. He was too much like us to let it go and he bought it and had it sent immediately to the inn. When he got home that night he found that his wine was safely locked up in the cellar.

"He sent for some of it and madam came in with the polite business air of the French woman accustomed to affairs and remarked that 'Monsieur could have his wine when monsieur paid his bill of like sum.'

"I've often thought that lots of us sometimes ride for just that fall. But isn't it worth it? You know Homer did have the wine."

CANADIAN COUNTRY JOYS

SOME OF THE SIGHTS ON THE ROADS AROUND LONDON.

Sunday Drive in an Agricultural Region Where Diversified Farming Is Practised—Maternal Solicitude Exemplified by a Mare—Auto and Steer.

LONDON, Canada, July 1.—An American rode through the beautiful country surrounding this city last Sunday. The motor rolled luxuriously over the smooth macadam roads which stretched like a gray ribbon between a border of greensward, and beyond that trim fences enclosing farms as beautiful as the Chester Valley of Pennsylvania, or any other locality in the United States can boast of. Clark knew something about Canada

There had been a rainfall a few days before and the warmth which followed it made vegetation move at the double quick. The wheat had "shot" and the heads moved gracefully on their slender stalks, needing only the summer sun to convert the milky kernels into the staple which has made Canada famous the world over. Corn may be the boast and pride of the middle West of the United States, but wheat is what has put Canada on the map, particularly in the prairie provinces between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. In the neighborhood of London there is considerable wheat grown, but nothing like the quantity that was sown in the days when Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were practically uncultivated.

In practically all of Ontario diversified farming is practised and in no section is this more true than in the vicinity of this city, where a large portion of the acreage is devoted to grazing. Oats and corn are grown and considerable space is allotted to the various root crops, including mangels, carrots, turnips and potatoes, the yield of which is simply prodigious. All are raised in abundance and all but potatoes are fed to the stock, which is wintered and fattened on the mixed diet of ensilage and roots, the final topping off being with corn on the grass, which is as luscious as any country can produce.

On Sunday every farm with its lush pastures had a herd of cattle with hides as sleek and glossy as that of a thoroughbred horse. The swelling udders of the cows and the bleating of the newly weaned calves in their own special enclosure, together with the spotless milk cans in the shade of the apple trees, indicated that much of the wealth and prosperity of the country came through dairying, this section being renowned for its butter and cheese.

It scarcely needed the eye of an expert to determine the quality of the cattle seen everywhere. There were representatives of the shorthorn and Holstein families a-plenty, and here and there a grade. Some of the Holstein matrons were remarkable for their size. There were a few Jerseys, but not many, and occasionally an Ayrshire was seen switching her sleek sides with a lean tail.

In most of the pastures a spring brook flashed its way over a pebbly bottom and the grass hung over the bank in a way that indicated good fishing in days before everybody whipped every foot of trout stream within a two hours ride of the corner of Dundas and Richmond streets. Every field has its quota of trees for shade, many of them elms of considerable size, but oftener maples of great beauty, this region being conspicuous for the size and beauty of the trees of that variety, which are to be found everywhere.

The pastures were not devoted entirely to cattle. There were groups of colts of a year or more, accompanied by the staid work horses with a day off from drudgery and which galloped away at the approach of the auto, feigning a terror that was not apparent when they turned at a distance to gaze at the machine which seemed to move along so tranquilly without the aid of their kind. Occasionally a mother and her foal would be found with the others, and yet not of them, the mother lavishing a world of love on the little thing by her side. Sometimes the foals were strong, lusty fellows of a month or two, but occasionally a shaky legged, ungainly foal of recent birth would move waveringly to the protecting side of its mother when the note of the horn sounded the approach of the car.

One beautiful mare made a picture of maternal solicitude that will not soon be forgotten by the members of the party. It was in a small enclosure where the clover showed its red and white and variegated blossoms in profusion. The neat brick house of the farmer was only a few hundred feet away and lying prone in the green of the sward was a fine colt sunning himself and as motionless as though he was dead.

When the car swung up the dam, a big chestnut with beauty and breeding in every outline, was cropping the succulent grasses in a distant corner of the field. When she caught sight of the car and its occupants she galloped swiftly with head high and mane flying and stood guard over her offspring. The colt raised his head languidly, surveyed the party, which had halted in admiration, and after a moment resumed his nap, content that he was in no danger while his mother stood guard. The mare's nostrils were distended and her eyes were alight. She was still there, motionless, when the party took its leave.

Then there were hundreds of sheep, ewes with plump lambs at their sides, not a few of the mothers claiming two of the innocent looking little fellows as their own. The old ones had been shorn and looked rather bare without their protecting fleece. Many of them were feeding by the roadside and the chauffeur approached them with extreme caution, as when one sheep makes up its mind on a course of action the rest of the band almost invariably follows suit. Drivers of automobiles through the rural districts, however, seem to agree that the country cow or steer has the prize when it comes to making trouble for the motorist.

Sometimes a steer will leave the road in answer to an appeal from the horn, but now and then, when he is not expected to make such a move, he is seized with a mad desire to cross the road. Forty automobiles or one locomotive would not stop him then, and it's generally a case of slapping on the emergency brake and sitting tight when Mr. Steer makes this move. When it's all over and you have appeased the farmer it will be time enough to take note of the damage.

A witty speech was delivered by Sir William C. Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal a few years ago. Somebody had spoken about the throughbred and what he had done for the general horse product of the United States and Canada. When Sir William arose he said he knew very little about horses, being a cattleman, and he was rather proud of his steers. He remarked that he had never tried any of them for speed, but he remembered a story about some Westerners who were racing quarter horses through the Northwest that was worth repeating.

They stopped over night at a ranch and asked the proprietor the next morning if he had any speed on the place. If so they were open for a match. The rancher said that he had speed in abundance, and upon the visitors asking if there was a chance for a wager they were told that they had come to the right place to bet. They then wanted to see the horse they were to race against.

"Horse!" ejaculated the rancher; "who said anything 'bout horses. I'm a-goin' to run a steer."

"Not by a jugful, you ain't!" was the reply. "'Most anybody kin tell what a horse'll do, but nobody knows what a damn steer's goin' to do, 'n' this match is off here 'n' now."

The average man who drives a car through a country where cattle are often allowed to run wild in the roads will agree with the above. The best way is to slow down and take nothing for granted. Besides there was no need for hurry on this occasion. Nature and the country called alluringly. The woods which lined the highway at intervals were cool and beautiful wildflowers were everywhere, the clovers were blossoms of beauty to the city man and a patch of wild iris which grew by the bank of a stream yielded an armful of bloom.

The run back to town was through a shower which laid the dust and filled the nostrils with that earthy fragrance which once inhaled is never forgotten. The man who has lived among brick and mortar all his life is stranger to it, but it is meat and drink to those who have driven cattle home in the shade of the evening or turned the soil when winter has gone and spring has come, with her promise of plenty.

Gay Marriages of Colors in Ascot Hats and Gowns

LONDON, June 17.—The greatest outdoor social pageant of London's season, the race meeting at Ascot, is over. Never before have there been such crowds at Ascot, never have royalties been more assiduous in attendance and never has there been such an array of visitors from overseas.

As for the women who lead the fashionable world, they far outdid any previous efforts they have made at this great dress parade. Such wonderful gowns and hats, such daring combinations of colors it would be hard to find anywhere else. There was a certain regard for Queen Mary's well known antipathy to tight clinging gowns, but beyond that fashion bade good-by to her prejudices.

All shades and tints were "mixedly married," as the little French dressmaker said, and combinations which a few years ago would have caused a well dressed woman to shudder did not seem incongruous. For instance, mustard yellow and peacock blue united in a princess gown hardly seems alluring, but it was worn at Ascot. If by chance a dress happened to be fairly subdued in its color scheme then the enterprising wearer made up for it by indulging in shoes and stockings of a contrasting vividness. Purple footgear was worn with a pearl gray gown, bright blue with a white frock and rose red with a mole covered chiffon dress.

The Duchess of Roxburghe, who came with the royal party on the first day, when the King and Queen arrived in semi-state, wore a beautiful gown of white brocade shot with pale mauve and silver and trimmed with old lace. Her hat was mauve with plumes to match and she wore a necklace of amethysts and diamonds.

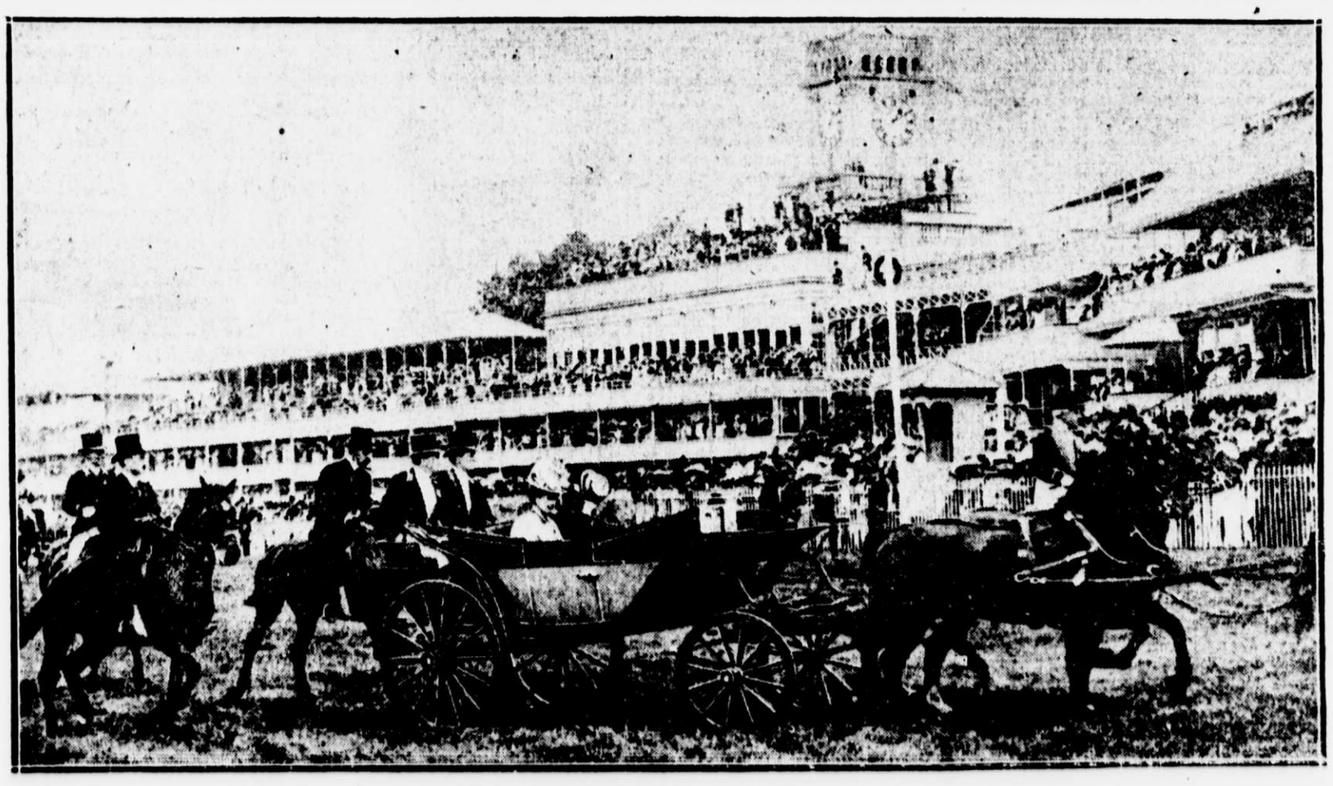
Lady Granard was another American member of the royal party. She wore a mauve chiffon dress made with a double skirt, each one being bordered with black arabesques. Her hat was a blend of black and pervenche ostrich plumes and wound several times around her throat was her famous rope of pearls. Of her costumes on other days, one was of softest blue liberty satin embroidered in silver and another was elephant gray ninon with bands of some Oriental embroidery.

Lady Craven had a noticeable gown of water green chiffon. It was very soft and clinging and was cut out a little at the throat. She wore some beautiful emeralds, one of which shone among the laces and chiffon of her green and white hat.

Lady Essex had a peculiarly effective coat and skirt of old rose and black shot silk and a dark green hat with old rose feathers, dark green shoes, stockings and gloves.

Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, who favors the French "magpie" combinations this season, wore a very smart gown on the opening day of the races. It had a foundation of black satin with a sort of sleeveless pinafore of cream colored lace over it, edged with a deep flounce of heavy lace, and a big white hat—almost too large to meet with the Queen's approval—covered with long black plumes which swept down to her shoulder.

Mrs. Waldorf Astor, who drove over every day from Cliveden, on the first day wore a powder blue embroidered chiffon gown and black hat. On Tuesday she wore an embroidered muslin gown rather chintzy in effect, with a red rose pattern, and a hat made entirely of shaded roses.



ROYAL PROCESSION ENTERING THE ENCLOSURE AT ASCOT.

The Mica States.

From the Manufacturers Record.

Of the total value, $337,097, of mica produced in the United States in 1910 North Carolina produced to the value of $230,460, according to a report by Douglas B. Sterrett of the United States Geological Survey. The 1910 production came from seven States—North Carolina, South Dakota, New Hampshire, Colorado, South Carolina, New Mexico and Massachusetts—named in the order of the value of their output.

South Carolina and New Mexico returned to the list of mica producing States in 1910, no production having been reported from these States in 1909. A small output was reported from Massachusetts, which had reported no production for several years. Virginia, Alabama, New York, Georgia and Maine failed to report an output of mica in 1910, though each reported a production in 1909.

Why He Trembled.

From London Ideas.

A detachment of British soldiers was about to attack a tribe of rebel Indian tribesmen, who awaited them drawn up in battle order. A seasoned old sergeant noticed a young soldier fresh from home visibly affected by the nearness of the coming fight. His face was pale, his teeth chattered and his knees tried hard to knock each other out. It was sheer nervousness, but the sergeant thought it was downright funk.

"Callaghan," he whispered, "is it trimbin' we are for yer own dirty skin?"

"N-no, sergint," replied Callaghan, making a brave attempt to still his shaking limbs. "I'm trimblin' for the inimy. They don't know Callaghan's here."